The Sound Of Animals Fighting "St. Broadrick Is In Antarctica"

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i know you don't want change but nothing is ever what it used to be grab the rope, hoist yourself up with a copy in head comforted by lions of substance a solutive parade grab the rope, hoist yourself up and drift like ants in hose water

these three angels used to be attorneys
it is such a serious thing to me
oh how i search through the memories
it is such an experience for me
silence creating bold letters like "not" and "better"
these three devils used to be apologies
these three angels used to be monuments
i try to find that feeling from that letter from my
consistencies
is such a painful thing to see when the shadows didn't
bend
like now and then
these three devils used to be apostrophes
so i destroyed a monument, so what

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